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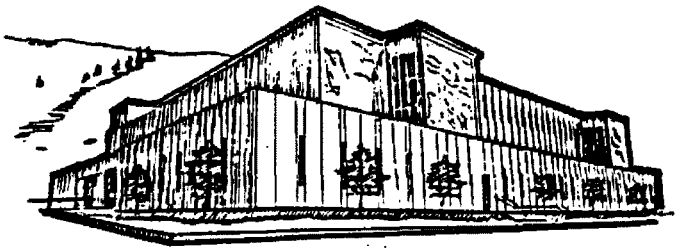

IN THE LAND OF THE HEART

By

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Contents

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I save for last a tribute I owe to the mountains who have welcomed me slowly into their presence, whose ancient voices speak of the long road, the high way, and the great heart.

"Blessings Upon You"

The Roots of the Myth

High above the Jocko Valley, time, wind and ice have hammered out a dramatic symbol on the steep slopes of Agency Canyon. The "Heart," as it is called, looks out to northward over the river, the town, the ranches, and especially the small church on Agency Creek near the feet of the mountains. In the churchyard lie the bones of many sainted Indians with names like Vanderburg and McClure. On a late winter day the eye travels over the headstones to the distant fields and rises up through a dense forest to the Heart, shining with its snows.

Over time, the Heart has become for me an intimate point of contact with the land and a symbol of love, mercy and compassion. To see this symbol in the hills so clearly is to know, by contrast, the dark side of the human adventure--for we are living in a world increasingly defiled by our own hands as they reach to fill desire and clench to shut out fear. And what are we hungry for? More life, more oil, money, power, more of everything. And what do we fear? Death, and all the little deaths--the pains, losses, sudden blows, betrayals--like markers down the trail of years. The pain seems to make us hungrier yet for compensation; we get greedy. Or conversely, we give up on life and abandon ourselves and the earth; we don't give a damn. Loren Eisley expressed the madness of all this when he wrote of nuclear war that it would represent an attempt "to poison in [our] death throes the very springs of life itself" (344). This is a desperate and desolate image of the evil we may work if we are caught up in an emotional vortex, desire and fear swirling in the mind.

The nuclear image has actually helped us to see where the real dangers hide out: the hungry and fearing mind. This mind built the weapons which,

ironically, threaten the very security they were supposed to insure. Humanity has wised up a bit.

We have begun to sense the futility of grand plans to insure prosperity and security. But where then does security lie? Where is that place where we have enough and do not live by our fears of pain and death? This place, I think, is the land of the heart. It is my conviction that the heart's qualities of courage and compassion make it the vital "organ" of a potent healing spirit, driving a brave mercy through the veins of the world. The Great Heart in these mountains stands for just that as it shines over the churchyard and the stories that rose and passed into the earth, as someday your story and mine too will pass. It calls out patiently and unceasingly for us to surrender our destructive passions and be reconciled with each other and the land.

In his 1953 essay "The Round River," Aldo Leopold remarked that "one of the penalties of an ecological education is that one lives alone in a world of wounds" (197). He was, of course, referring to the damage humans have inflicted on the land, a damage many do not recognize or care about. But, to extend Leopold's image of a wounded land, living alone in a world of wounds is one of the penalties of being human. It comes with the territory, the emotional landscape. Perhaps our destructiveness and insensitivity toward other people and land is just a round river of pain, a way for the wounds to be passed around.

Another writer, Robert Lifton, has also thought about the human relation to nature. In The Broken Connection he notes that as we damage land we begin to "feel ourselves to be defiled no less than our environment" (344). If we allow Lifton's words to resonate a bit in our thoughts, we may begin to feel how tied in we are to the environment that seems to be "out there." Further, we might let ourselves accept the land as part of us and we, part of it. Finally, and it

requires a leap of faith, we might say of the grass, "There am I," or of the mountain, "This is my body," or of a creek, "This is my blood." Just as in a river all things are mixed together, in the round river of life we meet ourselves in every other again and again. The wounds of the land, then, are felt as our own and we humans can be healers of the earth as we are healed in return by beauty and health in the life around us. But healing things that are broken has never been easy.

During the last few years I was close to a woman who had cancer. She approached her disease not merely as a physical condition to be cured, but as a wounding that opened her to a deeper healing. Through her I came to know of Jean Houston's work in sacred psychology and Stephen Levine's work with the terminally ill. Both have advocated an open and animated relationship with our wounds--that in fact we consider them sacred events. In The Search for the Beloved Houston writes that a great awakening of consciousness can flow from an experience of suffering. "In the Greek tragedies it is only at this time of wounding that the protagonist grows into a larger sense of life . . . Wounding is also the traditional training ground of the healer. The shaman-healer is often wounded and marked as part of his preparation." Wounding violates our ordinary boundaries and makes us vulnerable to larger forces, to what Houston calls "the larger story"--a "Mythos" (98, 105). When the soul is breached, one is open to a rebirth which can spill over into the outer world as a hopeful commitment.

Life threatening illness like cancer is the kind of wound that can awaken a person to a larger story--the truth of one's life, the unhealed regions of the soul. The courage and mercy of the heart open and heal the soul and often the body as well. My friend has actually shed her cancer by pursuing a deeper

emotional healing. Similarly, the body of the land depends, for its health, upon the human heart.

In his work with cancer patients, Stephen Levine followed a path toward a "deeper seeing of life, a deeper participation . . . the joy of at last making contact with the moment, with life itself." In Healing into Life and Death Levine has written about the role of the heart in healing. Some of those patients," as they cultivated a certain heartfulness, began to touch their pain and fears with mercy and awareness . . . quieting even the deepest unseen wounds . . . a healing awareness focused into the previously shadowed and darkly held . . . It is difficult to acknowledge that which holds so tightly and fears pain so greatly . . . . We imagine that we must force results, must plow a path to freedom rather than discovering the ground beneath our feet" (Chapter 1). Levine's work shows that those who know they are "dying" are able to vanquish the fear of death because they are delivered to some essential truth that the "living" cannot see. Part of that truth is the deep association between courage and mercy, fearlessness and forgiveness, the courage to explore and accept wounds and the strength to forgive and live with a merciful attitude. But, must we be confronted with death to begin to do this work? Must we be brought to the brink of extinction to make these connections? Must the wounds to the land that Leopold felt become mortal ones?

To carry on my commitment to the land and life itself, I have adopted some of the techniques advocated by Jean Houston and Stephen Levine to call forth a deeper awareness of desire and fear in my own life. Houston specifically advocates that we transform our existential pathos into a mythos, an essential or greater story. Such a story, she writes will contain "a rich mytho--poetic language" whose power extends our focus from the personal to the universal. "Myth empowers the moral order and brings about a reconciliation between the

individual and his or her environment, climate, geography, culture and social group" (102). So, with as much care as I've got, I have composed a tale that follows a young man's life--the crucial events of that life. The tale is true and it's mine. Writing it has at times pulled me into grief. I have sought the help of poets who have seemed fellow travelers on this journey, whose voices speak what I feel, or what I need to remember. But the land itself has borne me on its back. The hills, trees and waters have shared the burdens and hopes of this tale.

My story also draws upon other ideas and images, forming a constellation that seems coherent to me. One idea is expressed by Paul Zolbrod in his introduction to the Dine Bahane, the Navajo "bible." The central theme of their creation story is the attainment of HOZHO, a term "approximated in English by combining words like beauty, balance, and harmony . . . . The pivotal element . . . is the fundamental relationship between male and female." The quarrel between First Man and First Woman brings evil monsters into the world. Later, the union of another couple, Changing Woman and the Sun, leads to the destruction of the monsters. Full harmony (HOZHO) cannot be established until these two create a relationship of equality and respect (5,6).

I am also indebted to Owen Barfield's observations on medieval consciousness--its participatory quality. In my myth I have broken down the boundaries between the human realm and the natural realm. In Saving the Appearances Barfield describes a kind of consciousness different than ours and closer to the sensibility in which the myth was written and should be read. For example, he writes that "in his relation to his environment, the man of the middle ages was rather less like an island, rather more like an embryo, than we are" (78). To illustrate the difference in perception he poses this analogy: If a medieval people were transported to the twentieth century and made to see as

we see, they would feel like children looking for the first time through the magic of a stereoscope, say, at a photograph of mountains. "Ah!" they would exclaim, "look how they stand out." They had not yet discovered perspective and for them "the world was more like a garment they wore about them than a stage on which they moved . . . . It was as if the observers were themselves in the picture" (94, 95). My mythic tale does not "stand out" to a modern perspective which needs literally defined boundaries and clear categories. The tale strives for the middle ground between transparency and opacity--for a kind of translucence. It might be helpful for readers to imagine that they have participated directly in creating the story, that they have contributed misty images from their own subconscious.

Another influence upon my story comes from a Hopi tale, "How the Poqangwhoyas Turned Two Girls into Stone." Two brothers are challenged by two girls to a field game. One girl plunges her knife into the center of the field saying, "Whichever side wins is to use this to kill the others." So they played. But when the boys were about to score a point, the girls tucked their dresses into their belts distracting the boys with their white thighs. So the brothers lost. The girls, however, didn't kill them, but severed the arms of one and the legs of the other. After their Grandmother restored them, the boys challenged the girls to another contest. "But this time the losers will be killed." This time they shot arrows for distance, and the brothers, after winning, made the girls stand at the edge of a cliff and turned them to stone. Today, two little buttes on a mountain are, of course, those petrified girls.--So the identification of land forms with dramatic action in the past, helped me to conceive of the story suggested partly by the landscapes of the Jocko and Mission valleys, partly by events in my life, and universal human experiences.

Thus, the myth is the weaving together of images from several sources. In one sense I am projecting a private drama onto the land. In another sense the land itself is an ancient precursor or pattern setter for human affairs: the cycles of the moon, sun, and the sea; the rise and fall of each thing; the blooming and withering; the magnetism of male and female. Even gravitation, a seemingly impersonal force, may prefigure a desire for closeness and relationship. In a third and special sense the particular features of the landscape have shaped the contours of the story. The Heart is one of these features.

Another stands above St. Ignatius in the Mission Mountains. A cliff called the "Garden Wall" rises behind a waterfall like the protector of a sacred spring. Further north, McDonald Peak, high and squared seems to stride forward, leading with a bridle a peak called the Ram's Head. The St. Mary's peaks certainly suggest a great woman, a mother, a nurturing presence--white gowned in winter and tanned under a higher sun. To the west Squaw Peak shines in the bend of a nearer forested ridge like a young woman reclining in curving bough of a tree. Finally, McLeod Peak, said to be a vision place, rises slowly from the ridge above the Heart. All these play a part in the myth that follows.

Finally, the films "Jean de Florette" and "Manon of the Springs," with their religious intensities, bring an immeasurable influence to bear upon this work--dreams, desires, betrayals, blindness, fate, suffering, fear, their synergy shaping a life. The romantic Jean, arriving at last in paradisal nature, raises his glass to toast the beauty of the landscape, vows that he will live an authentic life:

> "I drink to Mother Nature, to the fragrant hills, I drink to the cicadas, to the pine woods, to the breeze, to the rocks of a thousand years, I drink to the blue sky."

He loves the thistles of his ancient, primal garden; his hand touches a little tree with such reverence. The ardor and fervor, the ecstatic accents of his hopes and expectations cloak him in the robe of the "holy fool." Such a beautiful faith! This romantic idealism is reflected in the myth I have written, for at the center of the plot lies the search for the garden of love. There is a strong impulse to ascend, to reach an ideal state, to journey back west again to Eden. Jean Cadoret, yearning for the pure and the real says that he must succeed or he "is doomed to return to the hell of city life." Similarly, in the myth, the young mountain man, Llandin, is in flight from a kind of "inner city" and is searching for the beloved in an earthly paradise.

But this exalted yearning has a dark side. Such a pitiful and tragic faith! Certainly, Jean is blind. He fails to see that the roof tiles are but newly smashed; cannot begin to see his wife's exhaustion, his own extravagance, his isolation, cannot conceive the betrayal that is laid just beyond the edges of his sight. His neighbors, the Papet and Ugolin have secretly plugged the spring in Jean's front yard, and Jean's isolation within his dreams separates him from the villagers who might have unearthed the spring (le source) he so desperately needs. But deeper still, his own father has cut him off from a vital source in the ground. Jean keeps looking up toward heaven for salvation (rain). Though the chthonian spirit sleeps nearby (the spring) Jean cannot quite connect with it. In the myth Llandin fares somewhat better mainly because his father assists the son in connecting with the things of the earth. The young man overcomes his blindness.

Within the films lies a mystery: the Papet, in his youth, loved Florette; Jean is their child. They were lovers once in the straw of Anglaide's barn, but their union wounded them in ways that remain obscure. We know that the Papet joined the Foreign Legion; the traditional escape for a young man, or a

way perhaps of proving his manhood. We also know that Florette sent a letter that he never received, a letter telling that she was with child and would wait for him. When he didn't respond she left the village in despair to marry another, clutching the secret to her breast.

Perhaps the pride, which marks the character of the Papet, was wounded in their encounter. Late in the story he painfully relates to the blind woman that Florette had never spoken her love. Did he feel rejected? Old now, and desperate for the family name, he rereads the little notes she wrote long ago and palms the comb from her hair. He has lived with grief and profound loss all his life, and we watch him lay the burden of it upon the hump of Florette's son in the blindness that is the stuff of tragedy. And Jean, himself blind, is deprived of love and help from the very source he most needed to receive it: his father. The spring (le source) is blocked.

Other difficulties rise to challenge the young in their passage to manhood. Poet Robert Bly in his book Iron John draws lessons from a mythical tale about a wild man who dwells under the water. The Wild Man is a source of strength, clarity and wisdom for the inexperienced and naive youth. Both Jean Cadoret and Llandin are afflicted in this way and Bly, writing about naivete seems to be writing about them:

> "Sincerity is a big thing with him. He assumes that the person, stranger, or lover he talks with is straightforward, goodwilled, and speaking from the heart . . . . that each person is basically noble by nature . . . . that [his sincerity] will, and should, protect him from consequences . . . ." (64)

Jean dismisses Manon's instinctive mistrust for Ugolin, assuming that the ugly surface hides a beautiful soul, just as his own hump disguises his own shinning spirit. Llandin is also unconscious of the

needs and motives of some women he meets on his journey. He can't seem to shake off his boyish callowness. Bly remarks that the naive man may

> "have a secret and special relationship with the wounded little boy inside himself. If so, he won't challenge the little boy . . . . He will simply let the boy run his life." (64)

Llandin bears a wound he received in his dreamy encounter with the Lady of the Oak and the pattern of pain continues to challenge him on his journey. He must find the heart to face the wound and heal.

Jean Cadoret is also wounded in ways he hardly suspects. Deep does this sleep in his soul. Did he sense the shame and anger of his mother's unspoken grief? Clearly, Florette kept the secret of his father from him. This has darkened his life, no doubt, mysteriously and immeasurably. Jean is very much a little boy "at play in the fields of the Lord," without a friend in the world. Set apart by his hump, he has learned to be lonely, to cultivate a relationship with dreams. He can't hear what people say or know their thoughts. When Ugolin softens to Jean's struggles, trying to point out the obvious futilities, Jean seems ripe for a wider perspective. But, instead, he mortgages the land--and his "enemy," the Papet, will carry the papers. Bly points out that naivete "demands betrayal. The naive man will have a curious link to betrayal, deceit, and lies" (67).

Perhaps Jean needs the clarity of the Wild Man who has the "energy that is conscious of a wound. His face . . . contains grief, knows grief, shares grief with nature . . . the Wild Man leads the return we eventually have to make as adults back to the place of childhood abuse and abandonment" (226). Llandin has to do this work. He cannot allow dreams to substitute for knowledge. "The

ecstasy comes," according to Bly," after thought, after discipline imposed on ourselves, after grief" (225). But Jean Cadoret, despite his struggles and grief, does not get through the door. He lives without the love of his father. He is ruined by the hand of his father. He is, in fact, heir to the Papet's own grief and loss. Here now is a poem for Jean whose pain I have felt as my own:

Jean, de Florette et Papet

Jean, de Florette et Papet-
Called in breathless flames of youth,
Shaped in feints, flights, strains,
By proud and tender failings, by fate.
He - bolting to the desert to nurse some slight with bloody fighting;
She - in wavering light, contending with inner life, surrenders.
Florette sits at the window,
Drifts through the square by dark,
Throws her body down from rocks,
Drinks in foul portions,
Crimps smooth curl of bone in the womb,
Hates one who lies wounded, oblivious,
Proud in a far night.
She bears you, Jean, with a stranger In a strange city, in shame,
Clasping the secret to another name.
But, Jean, de Florette and Papet
Of beauty and strength welded,
Grew a great heart dreaming for life
Authentic, ascended, pure.
Unfit to shoulder a common burden, skimming taxes,
Holed up in the hell of a city,
You, like Atlas, came god and king
To the green and singing wood,
Girl child high upon your hump,
Sweet wife close in fervor to raise new breeds,
Coax simple seed
With reverence, moist prayers, with wine and sweat.
Jean, friend to Providence,
Bearing gifts to thieves,
Desire and fate made battle
At your door and on the little farm-
Fought upon your hump
Arching over the deepened earth
And ever towards the heavens.
Your wide eyes raised to drifting clouds,
Wide arms flailing in the dust:

"Is there nobody up there?"
"Father, why hast Thou forsaken me?"
Betrayal, dear Jean, by fathers
Bends you to an earth you hardly knew.
And there beneath you,
Close under your hardened feet
The Spring is sleeping sweet
In the mother ground.
The Spring sealed by malice, desecration,
The father severing roots,
Withering fruit of you to ashes.
There - beyond the doorstep Jean,
In the near hedge of the wood,
Under the singing branch,
Above the ancient stone, Jean . . . .
And while we hope, for you,
For all men, women, children
In springless fields
Your dreaming falls.
Laid beneath a shower of stone,
Hump of broken bone.
You fade voiceless, gnashing teeth
To lie beneath the churchbell,
While yet the Spring, veiled, unmet,
Lay sleeping, waiting for the kiss.

The strange sorrow of all this has roots in his very beginnings: he doesn't know his father. Perhaps, then, Jean's passion to ascend to a new life draws upon a corresponding well of invisible sorrow, a wound deep in the ground fed by his mother's grief, a lifetime of it darkening her heart. So desperate was he for deliverance, redemption, ecstasy. And how the ironic fates draped him with their weight: as he would rise, his father's grief--a lifetime of it stiffening him, limp by cane, by wounds struck on the ancient straw, wounds of war forever fresh and deep--pulled Jean, knee by knee, into the long sleep.

Consider, then, the wound to the Papet. He limps through the locust smothered heat braced with his cane against the bullet that found him in the desert, braced against the loss of his beloved Florette. These wounds have numbed his heart. Desire and fear have overtaken him. His arrogance and

pride seal the spring. There is vengence behind this: Florette will pay with her son's life! How like the Papet are we, braced against our pain, seeking compensation, grabbing things from others, exploiting the land, making war with the neighbors. Consider the fate of the Papet. Will this be our fate--to realize too late?

The myth that follows, "In the Land of the Heart," is an example of the kind of story I ask my humanities students at Salish Kootenai College to write. We try to build a sense of mercy and fearlessness about the human condition. The students approach a wound they have suffered and compose a tale "peopled" by elements of the landscape: rivers, trees, mountains, lakes, flowers, weeds, clouds, animals.

This process is experimental, at best. Will it strengthen connections to the land? Will it aid in healing? Will people grow toward a healing attitude? How willing are the students to give me a story about personal grief?

To improve the chances for success, I ask them to veil the facts, to lower the light, to leave shadows wherever necessary. Such "stories" are not intended for a general audience. No story is an answer for anyone else. The purpose is not to communicate the details of a private history. If the myths are obscure, they need to be, or they could not be told to others. Perhaps myth making can only happen in the dark. My own myth is an illustration, an exerpt from my own nuthouse journal. Many things are overlaid. Nothing, I think, is casual or incidental. I have been learning to see pain as a part of a great story, and I have been learning how full of life and vitality I feel when the land really touches me.

* * * *

I am sitting on a ridge looking over the country. There is a certain stone where I often stop to rest. To the south the Heart lies in a high forest; the snow has come off, and in the evening light the Heart has a red glow. In writing the tale I felt my Celtic blood rise to embrace the bond my ancestors had with the trees. I felt the poems and songs that belong to the Celtic line, particularly "Fern Hill" by Dylan Thomas. I have needed company on my writing journey. I am grateful for those voices and I am grateful for a stronger bond with the land. In this short life I never wanted to be alone in the dark but to live more of the time . . .

In The Land of the Heart

Time and time ago, a vast sea lay over the primeval earth, and from the shallows of that sea the mountains of our day were born. But in that distant age these ranges were just simple, wondering hills, soft and round in their mother's arms. And as the sea, called Lir in that time, as she held them, she stroked their faces with smooth fingers. At other times she scolded with her rough tongue, or cuffed them with a sudden blow--"to shape their character", she said. So the hills grew strong, handsome, and beautiful in her eyes. Over their shoulders Lir draped green forests and grasses. When northern winds bore down, she cloaked them in white hooded robes. And by night, under the climbing stars, Lir rocked the young hills back and forth, singing the legend of her parents:

> "Child of the sun and moon am I, like all things in the sky
> and of the land. When last the sun drew near, moon's
> hand flew past her lowered eyes to veil herself with
> remnants of the dark; but slender barque, she sailed into
> the flames; she fell. Three days she loved and played,
> now she swells to take again the night, to give again
> sweet birthing with her faithful light."

And so it was that all things, blossomed and singing, fell upon the sleepy hills "in the moon that is always rising"[1] above the touseled woods.

And then by day, Lir spoke about the things beyond their young minds:

> "Something there is between the dark and the light, the
> heat and the cold, day and night, between new and old--
> a mystery words cannot trace. Some tell it lays low in a
> place between sound and silence; others gaze up past
> the stars to the edge of grace."

She liked to go on like this and often at length, stories that ran into questions:

> "The sky will swear, "how blue the sea"; but cloud will say "how gray". What proves the mirrored face? Who lies under the silvered glass? How do things rise, and wherefore do they pass?"

So moon by sun, word by wind, and time by time the young hills spread out their shoulders over the mysterious earth who's deeps thrust them into the difficult sky. Lir drew distant, edging away, and where she had lain, a cold clay now beset them, through which they drifted, and then searched for something like the sea once more. They remembered her touch--soft cirrus high above, and her salt scent--traces in the high rolling wind. But the blue gaze and the curling wave were lost somewhere deep in the unreachable past.

Yet, time by time, they raised their eyes at last, and were Lord and Queen of Earth in a time that was theirs--The Age of the Mountain Tribes. The archives of their doings lie in hidden caves where the bears have carefully preserved them: bear's winter work to dream it all again. Great elders now, great minded in their age, our mountains once were callow, bold, sorrowful and brave; they wept and raved, were grifters, pilgrims, seekers after gold and fame and love. Great spirited they were, and mean; desire, fear, and grief coursed through their blood streams. Hate, pride, anger despair froze upon their cheeks, mercy, love, forgiveness, care melting drop by blessed drop to creeks and rivers of our day: such things the human creatures after learned in their own way. In the Age of Man,

> "In the sun that is young once only,
> Time let me play and be
> Golden in the mercy of his means,
> And green and golden I was huntsman and herdsman, the calves
> Sang to my horn, the foxes on the hills barked clear and cold,

And the sabbath rang slowly
In the pebbles of the holy streams."[2]

* * * *

Turn we now to the Age of Bear, when long ago, the bears, fond of berries and fish, passed fearless through all places and took their ease wherever they wished. On a summer morn, a certain clan of berries held a feast of giving, an offertory rite, "the holy hush of ancient sacrifice,"[3] and to the bears this promise was made:

> "We, the fruiting brush of these blissful hills, under waves of sun and fall of rain, in splendid company of grass and pine, offer the work of our leaves to the seekers upon these noble slopes. For we of the Vegetable Kingdom have taken an oath: That never shall we fight and ever to" . . . go gentle into that good night."[4]

So, each year, under the reaping moon, bears gathered to feast upon berries in the cool of the day.

> "Time let me play . . . Time let me hail and climb."[5]

And over the heart of each a happiness spread like jam upon a sweet roll. There, under the pine, upon the eternal grass, gazing at nothing in particular, Bear came to a sense of things, of what it is, a kind of peace.

Upon an evening such as this, time and time ago, a young bear saw a heart of stone below the brow of the range--carved out of forest by ice and wind, by trembling and strain. And the lacy rustle of northern light shimmered upon it and in his eyes. Confused and strangely moved, the young bear, Abred, sought his grandparents, Ceugant and Gwynedd.[6] She answered first:

"The great heart beats upon the mountain breast, where you, sweet grandson, may lay your head to rest. The mother is all tenderness; the cub is all desire. You have a vision of the heart, its milk and fire. And young you are to see it."

Ceugant spoke after a short silence:

"Yes, good grandson, young to see what others may miss for all their long years, who went forth to seek pleasure, returning in tears, sought power but only found fears for the future, grief in the moment, regretting the days of the past."

"Who forget their mother are forgotten at the last."[7]

Another silence lasted for a space. But then the grandbears, taking turns, told the ancient legend of the heart upon the hill. As Abred lay in their arms under the falling stars, the tale began.

* * * *

1.

In a time long ago a mountain woman knelt weeping beneath an old white poplar, called Eadha in those times. There in the earth, down among roots, they had laid her only child. Her face trembled like the leaves above her and she spoke back to them:

"From this time I am Deirdreadha--who followed the ways of this tree. Roots shall sprout from my knees; blossoms rain down from my hair. All the long winter, I shall be ashen and bare."

Only the steady hand of her quiet man resting upon her shoulder kept her in her own world. When night fell, she lay by the fire in the house while the man gave tea, and she sang to the flames, and her grief went up with the smoke.

"Oh the rain falls on my heavy locks,
And the dew wets my skin.
My babe lies cold within my arms,
But none will let me in."[8]

And morning by night, song by sorrow, leaf by root, in the house by the stoney brook, the earth came slowly back.

"The sky gathered again
And the sun grew round that very day."[9]

Upon that bright morning, as she sat in her doorway, there came a young ram in flight from the hunger of wolves. Her heart swelled in sudden rush for the frightened one. Leading him into the cradle, draping over him the tender blanket, she rocked him singing:

"Sail baby sail, out across the sea,
Only don't forget to sail
Back again to me."[10]

The wolf chief rushed in with a bristling nose and glistening teeth:

> "And a good morning, madam," he said, "At least it looked promising for awhile. I don't suppose you've seen . . . Well, never mind. Ah, the morning air, he sniffed. Nothing so successfully sends one's stock up than a jaunt in the first light, what? The wolf's nose quivered, edging closer. Such a strange world; mysterious absolutely! The most ordinary things are actually quite miraculous, quite! I, if I may be permitted a modest boast, have within the power to . . . er . . . change other creatures, whom I won't specify, to alter

their forms so to speak--to turn them with a simple smack
of the lips . . . into wolf."

He rushed upon the cradle, flung back the cover, and froze with wide eyes that looked upon no ram, but into the amber eyes of a mountain child. The wolf lips spoke, but no sound followed. At last he managed to spout out of him,

"I say. Seven times never and all that."

All this while the Lady Deirdreadha rocked the cradle, and a voice within her spoke these words:

"I call to my sister the Ash, with her winged fruits,
to the Heather that grows o'er the Gates of Annwn[11]
to the Yew who enters the mouths of the dead with her roots,
to the Holly, for spears from the Song of Amergin."[12]

And after the wolf had fled, Deir took the child up. How soft his face, she thought, so like the young leaves in the Beldan grove.[13]

2.

So, time by time, tree and mountain, leaf and stone, the child called Llandin[14] rose into the vastness above him.

"Under the new made clouds and happy as the heart was long
In the sun born over and over,
I ran my heedless ways."[15]

His father, Moireagh, taught him the power of clouds--how to break thunderheads and round them up with crackling whips. They pruned the groves, seeded meadows, and cultured great gardens high in the stone.

"And nothing I cared, at my sky blue trades, that time allows
In all his tuneful turning so few and such morning songs
Before the children green and golden
Follow him out of grace,
Nothing I cared, in the lamb white days,

that time would take me
Up to the swallow-thronged loft by the shadow of my hand,
In the moon that is always rising,"[16]

Time by time, mind by moon, Llandin climbed the heights of his mountain home and high in the cliffs found a crystalled cave and an ark which bore upon its lid the sign of the argali--the horn of the mountain ram. Slowly, he raised it open and there within were the tools and powers of the highlands, the legacy of the mountain mind: a telescope, a compass, a large magnifying lens; there were gem stones, colored inks, the seed of every tree. He blew life into a flute and plucked the strings of a harp, marvelled at a long silver blade. There were four silk cloaks with long scarves and sashes: black, crimson, purple and blue. A box held the claws and teeth of a great beast, the feathers of raptors. Then he spied the exquisite curl of the great horn. As he held it up before the light, his mother's voice broke in upon and shattered his delight:

"Inks, stones, scarves, bones fall into your eye. Lenses,
seeds, sabres, reeds lay easy in the hand--some to soar
with in your sky, some to lie with in your land, some for
night, others for morn. Look closer still beneath where
lay the horn; a holy cross you will uncover--I beg you
carry this all your days in memory of your mother."

So Llandin beheld the cross she spoke of--the handle, hilts and half the blade of a sword. Upon these points was lashed cross-shaped a strange being, pitiful and beautiful at once.

"From what age and region comes forth this?" he asked.
"From what ancient time? And though I beg your parting
kiss, I fear you clasp your destiny to mine."

But Deir replied at once:

"The wind that calls you out my son will blow you down through vales of tears . . . "

But Lland broke in before she was done.

"Why must tomorrow tell the story of other years? Dear mother, let us cut this suffering creature free. From the Eadha break a branch to send with me."

She sighed a mother's ancient sigh.

"Son, the patterns are eternal and endure. How like all youth you are, so sure they cannot hold. Be not reckless, thinking he is bold. The cross, I give to you; it is my token. And Crann Critheac[17] whisper by the brook, unbroken."

3.

And after that time, quivering brook by tree, question by ancient mystery, the mountain boy, Llandin, fell into a deep yet dreaming sleep . . : Dusk lays over a sacred grove, called Koad in those times, over a great oak called Duir. In a crook of a bough the Lord of the tree is singing high and clear:

"Oh tell me the first token that passed between you and me."[18]

And filling a chalice with wine he raises his eyes to the luminous leaves listening for her reply, and out in the slender branches the Lady of the Oak comes sweetly back to him:

"Oh don't you remember that night on yon lean hill,
when we both met together . . . "[19]

She gazes into the moonlit stream, tracing the curves of her eyes in its mirroring depths. Nearby, the Prince of the Wood holds a flute; he is trying the notes of the song they have made. The wine flows into the chalice; wind speaks

in the oak; the curves of her lips in the song, the curl in the waves, the notes drift out on the slendering branch--"Oh don't you remember that night . . . " The Lady Duir is turning to meet the simple wondering stare--

" . . . when we both met together; I'm sorry now to tell."

And across her moist and innocent eyes a shadow lays its flickering tongue.

"Were better, Prince, to fall away; were better in the
wood to wander fast. Another for the reed, another
bough, another air to play upon your brow."

And the zephyrean evening, bled of its soft repose, fled before a howling in the leaves above, and he tossed and rolled in the high first fever of love.

4.

. . . And when Lland woke alone with the ark and all it contained, near and face down lay the cross. He turned it over; he studied the inscrutable face under the lens. From the right it seemed utterly forsaken, but from the left so deeply reconciled, and straight on--how like the face of all things--ice and thaw, bloom and claw, the lamb and the fang, praises and scorn, the blade and the horn--all things rising and falling in Time:

"This thing all things devours
Birds, beasts, trees, flowers;
Gnaws iron, bites steel;
Grinds hard stones to meal;
Slays Kings, ruins town,
And beats high mountain down."[20]

Now, silent strangeness, blind even to itself, had come to Lland and Deir, and the tender heart of youth retreated backward down the stairs of years.

5.

Time by time, moon by sun, sea by wind then, Llandin shed the lightness of his youth and rose to take his place among the mountain men.

"Time let me hail and climb
Golden in the heydays of his eyes."[21]

His blade delved into secrets, cut through fogs; the telescope lent planning and foresight; the flute and harp delighted and consoled him. With inks he made memories, and there were many, already too many of these. "The wind will call you out," she had said. The sorrow in her tone came back to him, or was it bitterness toward Wind:

"Voiceless it cries,
Wingless flutters,
Toothless bites
Mouthless mutters."[22]

He would carry the cross, yes, but not the blooming branch. He would go; that was sure, would wander in the reaches. Yes, to reach toward something he didn't yet know how to take, and some vague ache took shape, and the wind came breathing down his neck.

Moireagh saw, father of the quiet hand, the soft paw. He said to Lland:

> "Around your neck, tooth and claw you will wear. And in a ram's horn seeds and gem stones bear away. To where? I would not tell you if I knew; the path lies through all that you have touched and seen, in finding all that you have been and must become. I tell you--go toward love. Trust in the heart, the kind and fair. Be not 'mastered by the brute blood of the air.'[23] And though love enter through the eyes, beware: for eyes will tell a story that may lie to you. May tooth protect, claw defend

all within your care: the parks and hanging gardens
where shadowed earth holds the roots and feeds the
grass. Many or few, may one thing new be fashioned by
your hand, and ancient voices guide you in all this: the
life work of a Mountain Man."

6.

So, wind by time, our Llandin was walking over the earth--the rough and smooth earth. As the journey took shape and strength, a small voice called and widened so it filled the air all around like a wordless choir. How smooth the curve of lips to shape such singing, he thought. Her throat must be so like a flute to play tones so clear. And her heart, how rare; her mind, so nobly wrought. Thus was the Great Heart drawn to the Beloved of the Wind, but now he longed to hold her also in the eye, then to lay the hand upon her skin. He crested every ridge, expectant and sure that the stars themselves would fall into his hands this very night. So when the song thinned he turned desperate, and fear stole in beneath the soft underbelly of his soul. How to be worthy of all that I wish, yet not be proud? Struggling thus, he came to the Lake of the Crazy Fish, ice bound and rimmed. Out on the ice a woman peered down through a hole she kept open with her hot breath.

Sudden her eyes fixed him with a stare; he dropped to the ice beside her in a daze, entranced by stars that blazed around her hair. Then, with one hand she mothered his face, and with her other she admired all he possessed.

"I kneel upon this ring of ice, gaze into the steaming rift;
there below the scaly fishes drift, in circles swim, and
say that I must wait for him who comes to drink, yet

swells these waters to the brink, sets six stars blazing in
my crown, sends fish on homeward journey down."

But her words brought down a tumbled dream upon him . . . : By the edge of the icy lake he is climbing into the boughs of an Alder tree, called the Fearn[24] where above, a lame raven watches the fish. Moonlight glints on the bend of her wing. Precious stones are hanging in every branch. He presents the raven with a black cloak and scarf and garnets to hang in her ears. Someone is playing a flute; his lips are slaked with wine, and

" . . . it was air
And playing, lovely and watery
And fire green as grass."[25]

But then strange shadows of crows darken the ice; the wind backs and tears him from the tree and he falls through the gale swept gallery into the "dark mutinous"[26] waves.

He woke to the roar of the falls, and sad by the outstretched fingers of his hand, a garnet unset, a tattered cloak, inks run out to blots; a lens is cracked and gems are run out from the horn.

7.

So time by time, song by wind, Lland set forth, unbroken, keeping the river under his arm. Long travel laid him weary and low at the window of the Lady Rosewood who motioned him in, gave first place by a fire, strong drafts to revive--but he only fell deeper to dreaming sleep from which she could not shake him. Eying him closely, she spoke to herself:

"Upon his face the joy to live, the ache of loss I see.
Claws, teeth, and cross he bears are mystery to me. The
matter of this handsome horn, it may be told, though

fingers itch to hold it while he dreams, and lay the roots

of rosewood in his nascent streams."

And while she looked upon him sleeping, he, in reverie, climbs the thorn studed stalk of a giant rose, the barbs themselves his only handholds. The trunk bends out over the rocky banks of a creek where fish circle and wait. The moon peals back the petals of the great rosebud, and he slides, hand over hand, past the points out toward the red night-bloom, bearing the crimson cloak and scarf, green jewels, and the seeds of every tree.

"There's ne'er been a Lady dressed
grander than thee
And my love she's as fair as
the bloom of the mountain
When I plucked me a wild rose
on the hills of Glenshie."[27]

But dawn was breaking "rosy fingered" in the land of night blooming trees; and before he could reach her the shadow pulled the wind down through the leaves. He fell through the barbed air clutching one great petal to his lips and fell into the mouths of the circling fish . . . .

And he woke alone by a golden creek, and

"All the sun long it was running, it was lovely,
. . . it was air and playing, lovely and watery."[28]

But he himself lay broken in the stones, clenching the neckpiece of teeth and claws in ruined fingers, the blood drying upon the tips, green stones scattered at his feet. Downwind, strips of crimson silk rustled in a Blackthorn, called Straif.[29] And there by his head where the waters flowed lay the Big Knife, and seven scions of golden rose she had cut, and not in limp repose, but budding might.

"In the pebbles of the holy streams."
"Down the rivers of the windfall light."[30]

8.

So, time by time, roses in the rushing creek, the voice called Llandin forth again, and all his father's counsel, so unheeded, he prized now and more than ever needed to find a path to his heart. Climbing a knife-edged ridge, between the swirling waters of his days.

"Oh as I was young and easy in the mercy of his means,
Time held me green and dying
Though I sang in my chains like the sea."[31]

At last he stood upon a high flat stone. He spread his arms wide, threw back his head and wept into the sky, a tear stream rising all the long summer; mists of them round him in the fall; and in winter the white spume. In spring he could speak again, his shadow a cross upon the stone:

> "Oh sun moon sea, do you all help me with blessed power. My words are tied in one with the great mountains, with great rocks, with great trees, in one with my body and my heart. Do you all help me. And you day, and you night, all of you help me. See me one with this world."

9.

So, time by time, by the eternal voice of Lir, Llandin was pilgrim to Angelsea,[32] where lay the parted stones that once had ringed the shy garden of a holy shrine. Through the breaks, the tracks of beast had traffic of the curving beds. But all that lived once had been stolen or torn save a single Apple tree, called Quert--an ancient one with four great boughs. Three of these were stiff, and barren even of crows. Yet the fourth still glowed, dark leafed and

young fruited in the morning, and an air swept singing there pulled him toward it.

"Once down in the garden green,
Love, where we used to walk,
The finest flower that e'er was seen
Has withered to a stalk."[33]

His eyes searched the bark but he could see no part of her. He listened while she ended her strange lament:

"If you have one kiss of my clay cold lips,
Your time will not be long."

Chilled in the silence by these words, stilled in his longing and darkly disturbed, he roused his sagging heart and hailed her:

> "Good Lady, I am Lland of the Mountain, child of Moireagh and Deirdre fair. These broken walls and branches bare speak also of the sorrow you have seen. Yet is thy voice the very singing I did hear once in a dream, and it has called me time by sleep by rushing streams into such ravished place, to these tumbled stones, this bough, your tone, your bowered face."

Through the leaves she searched his eyes and then replied:

> "Once so full of bloom, this garden long ago was merciful and green. But wild things fell upon the beds by night, tearing sage, stripping thyme . . . Now my body lies sweet in the apple bough. My heart dwells now in the spring soft by. My thoughts now fled to the stars in the black night sky."

Lland knelt by the spring gazing into its stillness, and as the sun drove down the west behind the desperate branch, a shadow slipped forth along the

surface of the spring. The moon and evening came as one, and what was shadow to the day passed into sweet reflection in the pool: The Beloved of the Avellenau[34]

> "Just as the sweet apple reddens on the high branch, . . .
> and the apple pickers missed it, or rather did not miss it
> out, but dared not reach it."[35]

10.

So, time by time, under the turning sky, upon this wobbling orb, he reached out for a . . . stone, to mend again the fallen ring about the ancient garden, while she, still above him in the tree, drew forth from memory the story of its ruin. And laying up the final stone he called to her:

> "Come thee down to me", he said. "Come and clear away these brittle weeds. Lay out the beds again and with me loose the clay, for I am truly Lord of Seeds and Prince of Clouds, and in my long travailing need your hand. And proud will they speak our name then, as honored we shall be by this earth that we make new again."

11.

> "Question, Prince of Cloud," she said. "Do you only catch clouds as they fly, or do you call them forth into the sky and set them swirling? Art thou prince of Thunder and of flame and fury barely dreamed when I was young. If this be so thy praises will be sung, but only IF. I give this as a test: Name the trees and herbs that I like

best. Set in bloom the naked branches of this tree.
Deliver all thy secrets and thy treasures up to me."

So at last he sat beside her on the branch and miracles of thought were coursing through: Now have I climbed, at last redeemed in far sea sound of leaves that seemed so distant, so rare, delivered now of solitude and care. Now will I cling, at last to taste.

"Lead me to the gain of your waist. I cannot guess your need, but take the vast green world of seed I bear . . . Three boughs dead, hard by us in the tree--beyond my mettle to return to thee. Yet, this cutting in their place I give to lay in the spring forever to live. A sign I will set upon the bark. Will thee upon it also make your mark?"

Llandin had cut a young branch from the living bough. Taking his lens he focused the sun's waves upon it. Three signs he made: the claw, the cross, the horn. Then he draped over this branch a purple cloak and scarf, crystals, the feathers of falcons, a map of the stars . . . And holding these between them he heard her speak words she knew well:

"I am Iona, called Flame, called Frost. Now I am Found; then I am Lost. Forget, Remember, Early, Late, June, December, Decisions, Fate. I am Iona of the Changing Eye, neither Bound to lowlands nor to high. I am Iona, First and Last, and loathe to cast my name upon the waters for you, for tree, for sons, for daughters. Never one can prophesy the aftermath, so never will I cleave to any path."

12.

In that moment, our Lland heard little and understood less as she set upon the cloak an hourglass. Even it seemed the apples were swelling around him and that he was

" . . . like a wanderer white
With the dew, come back, the cock on his shoulder: it was all
Shining, it was Adam and maiden."[36]

So he flew from the tree and rooted the branch in the spring. The claws and teeth he spaced upon the capping stones. The cross above the iron gate. He laid the horn above the spring where it bent the grass, where by and by the shadow of falling sand must pass. And he, wrapped in a youthful hope, never knew

"The Earth was dying slowly, being old.
A grandam crouched against an inner cold . . .
She babbled still the story of the year
By hopeless moons; but all her bloom was snow."[37]

13.

And it was time by aching time, shadow by rising wind that she turned her gaze toward the outer wood. On the day the seed was to be laid in earth--the seed of Huathe to clense and protect, of Eadha that whispered in the breeze, of Nuin whose branches held the heavens, of Saille, sacred to the moon, and the Rowan--to guard against enchantment--on that day she, unused to stay, danced toward the gate singing:

"Circle of stone will close me in, but I am wed to
wandering over hills, through passes, to dance on fairer
grasses, to lie on gentler slopes . . . "

But he barred the way with his arm and said:

"Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have the gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet William with his homely cottage smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow".[38]

But Iona, untouched, unmoved, slid beneath his visions, slipped out the gate without a look. The cloak and scarf she left hanging in the crook of the bough.

"There thou art gone, and me thou leavest here,
Sole in these fields."[39]

Llandin stood with the tree; he touched the aged bark and falling to his knee he soaked the earth beneath him with the mourning of the years, with mountain sorrow, for the shame and the fears, and even the name he had carried far. What Mountain Man is this? Then roots shot out from him, leaves sprouted all about him and blossoms were fruits and apples fell down from his branches into the waiting mouths of the bears. And he spoke with the very heart of the tree:

"The force that through the green fuse drives the flower,
Drives my green age."[40]

And waking from this reverie, he knew that barren branches above, fed by dark shadows of earth and love, were greening with the story of the spring.

Epilogue

After a silence, the young bear Abred (remember him) seemed to sense that something unsaid remained. But the grandbears knew that look:

> "You see, grandson, the heart of young Llandin shines over this night, tomorrow still, and all days after in the sun's light. And there above, his eyes take in a high world that one day you shall see, your own heart to grow and great bear to be in the country and time that is yours."

It is said that Lland ascended the ridge and gained again the high stone, that he laid upon the rock his last possessions: the telescope, the silver blade and the blue cloak and scarf. All things below in the garden his mind kept care; of the river and creek he is ever aware. It was four mornings he saw break, four noons that he was baked, four nights rolled in thunder. Around his waist he had tied the scarf. He had plunged the knife through its trailing end into a crack in the flat stone.[41]

> "Here will I stand and wait," he said, "until black night be driven from my trenched brow, scarlet fury shall retreat these fractured eyes, bleak sorrow banished from my shadowed cliffs, till the courage and mercy of Bran the Blessed [42] span the rift in my heart."

When the fifth dawn broke, in the sun's "mid-climbing"[43] of the morn he took up the scope and swung it to the edges of the snow-capped world, and memory swirled around the ridges of his far flung sight: a gray wolf, ears laid

back in fierce pursuit; yet, he was unafraid. And he remembered Deir of the white coverlet, Moireagh who took him into hand. And down below a holy cross by the gate, and garden walls above a burgeoning spring, the horn of the argali upon the green grass, giver of life when once she would come, and the young branch rooted in the cool banks; and there are rivers of fish in his hands, roses trailing down to the mothering sea . . . .

He knew himself, at last, a Mountain in the land, great hearted in the earth. And water by wind, fire by time he was given the sacred words that would ages hence redeem a broken land:

"The force that drives the water through the rocks
Drives my red blood."[44]

The wind is light; the shadows are still; the moon is sleeping in the morning sun. And there in the garden four branches swing with fervent giving, and the Great Heart knows that the Beloved will always return to the living, to wake beneath the cloak, to lie in the bend of the bough.

* * * *

Notes

1. Dylan Thomas, "Fern Hill," The Norton Introduction to Literature, 3rd ed. (New York: W.W. Norton, 1981), p. 901.

2. I bid.

3. Wallace Stevens, "Sunday Morning," The Norton Introduction . . . , p. 896.

4. Dylan Thomas, "Do Not Go Gentle into that Good Night," Norton Introduction . . . , p. 556.

5. Dylan Thomas, "Fern Hill," p. 900.

6. Liz and Colin Murray, The Celtic Tree Oracle, (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1988), p. 32. In Celtic cosmology Abred, Gwynedd, and Ceugant may be interpreted as confusion, balance, and creative force.

7. John Neihardt, "The Song of the Messiah," The Twilight of the Sioux, (Lincoln, Nebraska: University of Nebraska, 1971), p. 79.

8. "The Lass of Aughrim." According to R.V. Cassill, editor of The Norton Anthology of Short Fiction, (New York: W.W. Norton, 1978), in a footnote to James Joyce's, "The Dead," p. 705, this is a variant of the Lass of Loch Royal, Child's ballad No. 76. "It tells of a girl seduced and abandoned. She stands in the rain outside the house of her seducer with her baby in her arms."

9. Dylan Thomas, "Fern Hill," p. 900.

10. "Baby Boats." This is part of a lullaby my mother used to sing, and her mother before her.

11. See Liz and Colin Murray, The Celtic Tree Oracle, p. 58. "At the time of the Midsummer sunrise, the sun casts three spreading rays of light, which open the Gates of Annwn, the portals to the other world. These three bars of light . . . harmonize with the three fold nature of the Celtic universe."

12. I bid, p. 38. " . . . the Holly has always been regarded as a potent life symbol . . . ."

13. I bid, p. 112. Beldan or Beltane--'The darling buds of May' is "the yearly fertility festival welcoming in the summer . . . ."

14. I bid, p. 64. This is the name of a hill in north London where meetings were held in Celtic times. "It bears traces of artificial terracing and ditching carried out in its distant past. A spring, since diverted, used to arise from its flank.

15. Dylan Thomas, "Fern Hill," p. 900.

16. I bid, p. 900, 901.

17. See Murray, The Celtic Tree Oracle, p. 60. This 'quiverring tree' is the aspen whose flattened leaf stalks let the leaves flutter or 'whisper' in the wind.

18. "The Lass of Aughrim"

19. I bid.

20. See J.R.R. Tolkien, The Hobbit, (New York: Ballantine, 1965), p. 84.

21. Dylan Thomas, "Fern Hill."

22. See Tolkien, The Hobbit, p. 81.

23. William Butler Yeats, "Leda and the Swan," The Norton Introduction . . ., p. 824.

24. See Murray, The Celtic Tree Oracle, p. 28-29. This tree is linked to Bran the Blessed, Bran meaning raven. The raven possessed "particular oracular strength due to its alert, intelligent and knowing air."

25. Dylan Thomas, "Fern Hill," p. 900.

26. Quoting James Joyce, "The Dead," The Norton Anthology . . ., p. 713.

27. "The Hills of Glenshie," Irish ballad sung by Altan.

28. Dylan Thomas, "Fern Hill," p. 900.

29. See Murray, The Celtic Tree Oracle, p. 50. The word 'straif' is linked to the word 'strife.' The Irish have traditionally used the wood of the Blackthorn to fashion their cudgel, or shillelagh.

30. Dylan Thomas, "Fern Hill," p. 900.

31. I bid, p. 901.

32. As in Anglesey. See Murray, The Celtic Tree Oracle, p. 52. "The island of Anglesey, Mona, was known in pre-Roman times as Mona mam Cymru (meaning [Mona] the Mother of Wales) . . . . It fed the rest of the country and was the granary or bread basket that provided nourishment. It is also remembered as the site of the massacre of the last of the Druids by the Romans.

33. Elizabethan song.

34. See Murray, The Celtic Tree Oracle, p. 42. Avellenau as in Avalon meaning magical 'Apple-land.' The apple represents youth and beauty and also choice. It maybe difficult to choose between equally attractive things, but to choose is vital and necessary.

35. Attributed to Sappho. Quoted in The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations, 3rd ed. (Oxford: Oxford University, 1980), p. 414.

36. Dylan Thomas, "Fern Hill," p. 900.

37. John Neihardt, "The Song of the Messiah," p. 1.

38. Ralph Vaughan Williams, "An Oxford Elegy" (A setting of exerpts from "The Scholar Gypsy" and "Thyrsis" by Matthew Arnold), Angel Records, S36699.

39. I bid.

40. Dylan Thomas, "The Force That Through the Green Fuse Drives the Flower," The Norton Introduction . . ., p. 901.

41. See N. Scott Momaday, The Way to Rainy Mountain, (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico, 1976), p. 21. The Kiowa had a warrior society called the Real Dogs (koi it senko) composed of the ten bravest men. Each carried a sacred arrow and a ceremonial sash. In battle they were known to "stake" themselves out and stand to victory or to death.

42. See Murray, The Celtic Tree Oracle, p. 28. "He is reputed to have used his body to span the river Limon, forming a bridge to raise his followers above the dangerous waters . . . ."

43. Quoting John Neihardt, "The Song of the Messiah," p. 93. " . . . in the moon's mid-climbing of the night."

44. Dylan Thomas, "The Force . . . ," p. 901.

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